A SPEECH

SPOKEN

By Sir *WILLIAM WYLDE*

Knight & Baronet,

One of His MAJESTIES Serjeants at Law,

(And *Recorder* of the City of LONDON.)

TO

His Most Sacred MAJESTY

CHARLES

THE SECOND:

In His Passage from the TOVVER *to* WHITE-HALL.

April 22. 1661.

Being the Day before His

CORONATION.

LONDON,
Printed by *William Godbid* for *Edward Powell.*

Migh
for w
Peop
infest
Revo
lent a
broke
bertie
to all
best R
ready

Most gracious Soveraign,

TO declare the Happineſſe of Your People in the Enjoyment of this glorious Day, is a Subject for an *Angel*, not a *Man*.

It is not long ſince, *Moſt Mighty Prince*, But yet 'twas long Sir, that for want of Your Royal Preſence, Your People were miſerably intangled in, and infeſted with, many Sad and Deſtructive Revolutions; ſuch, that thereby ſo Violent a Sea of Confuſion and Diſorder, was broke in upon them, that their Lives, Liberties, Eſtates, and that which is moſt dear to all Good Men, their very Religion, (the beſt Reform'd throughout the *World*) were ready to have been ſwallowed up.

But

But no ſooner did Your Glorious Perſon appear amongſt them, but thoſe Furious Waters did abate, and that Black Cloud of Miſery, and Calamity from thence exhaled, and ready to fall upon them, was diſpers'd and gone, and they, in a full Careere to their Priſtine Glory and Happineſs.

And now by this time, *Moſt Puiſſant King*, I make no Queſtion but all Your People, I am ſure Your Loyal Ones, and I have Charity enough, to hope they will all prove ſuch, are fully ſatisfi'd, that becauſe it was in *England*, as ſometimes 'twas in *Iſrael*, that they had no *King* amongſt them, therefore their latter dayes were ſo Calamitous; *Quod tot tantaq; mala conciliarat non habuiſſe Regem.*

But to the Everlaſting Praiſe of our good God, we have now not only a King amongſt us, but ſuch a King which is a Bleſſing to His People, not of a Muſhroom Deſcent, but the Son of Nobles, of a moſt Royal Stemme, not intituled to His Kingdomes by Perjury, and Villany, but by an Ancient and Undoubted Right, A KING of whom

whom it may be truly ſaid, that had all that *Clemency*, *Goodneſſe*, and *Sweetneſſe* of *Temper* proper to a *Prince*, and advantagious to a People, been totally loſt, they are all reunited, and concentred in His Royal Perſon.

And therefore, as I ſaid at firſt, of our Happineſſe, give me leave *Moſt Illuſtrious Prince*, to ſay alſo of our Joys, their Declaration is an Angelical Employment, Matter in truth, rather of Admiration, than for Expreſſion. *Exigua gaudia loquuntur ingentia ſtupent* : Only let me ſay this, and I hope I may ſay it with a Pious Alluſion,

This is the Day which the Lord hath made, we will Rejoyce and be Glad in it.

And that Our Joyes may not be ſhort liv'd, Your Happineſſe and Our Joyes being like *Hypocrates* his Twins, muſt live, and Dye together.

May Your Days be many, Your Reign ever peaceful and proſperous, and Your poſterity Numerous; May Your Feet be always upon the Neck of Your Enemies;

Let

Let them be ever bleſs'd which ſhall bleſſe you, and Curſed be they which ſhall Curſe You; and let all your people ſay *Amen.*

I know well *Moſt Mighty King*, that neither the Time nor the Place, will admit of any long Diſcourſe; and that I now ſpeak not only to a *Solon* but a *Solomon*; One that is no Friend to many words, as well knowing, *in multiloquio non deeſt Peccatum*; And therefore be pleas'd to give your Servant leave in a Word to deliver his Errand, which is, in the Name of this Ancient and renowned City, moſt Cordially to Congratulate your Gracious Acceſſion hither this Day, upon this ſolemn aud glorious Occaſion, and as a pure ſignal of that true Allegiance, and duty, which they owe to your Sacred Majeſty, humbly to preſent unto your Royal Hands this Purſe of Gold; which let me aſſure You comes from Free Hearts, full of *Loyalty* and *Fidelity*, the beſt of *Preſents* to a Gracious King; and therefore I am confident, that as they offer it cheerfully, your Majeſty will vouchſafe to accept it Graci-

ouſly

ouſly. I have done *Sir*, and have no more to ſay but this,

God Save the KING.

FINIS.

M

S

H

Th

M